

Kimagure Orange Road-The High Note

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Category: Misc. Anime/Manga

Genre: Romance

Language: English

Status: In-Progress

Published: 2000-05-20 09:00:00

Updated: 2000-05-20 09:00:00

Packaged: 2016-04-27 18:22:20

Rating: K+

Chapters: 1

Words: 1,713

Publisher: www.fanfiction.net

Summary: A young Ayukawa Madoka discovers she wants to make beautiful music for the special someone in her life

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Kimagure Orange Road Short Fic: The High Note

>
By Richard Beaubien (Edited)

>
[Spoiler Warning: This fic uses events and settings that take place after

>the end of the TV series and movies. If you haven't seen all KOR yet and
are planning on watching it then you might not want to read this story as

>it may spoil the final episodes for you.

>You have been warned, so I want no flames coming at me if you do get
spoiled....:]

>

>

>
It was around 1 PM on a warm spring Sunday afternoon and Ayukawa Madoka was

>once again climbing her favorite tree. It was a regular occurrence to see
her climbing seem the tree on Sunday, a ritual that the young girl had started

>almost a month ago.

>The tree itself was nothing special, a plain old Oak tree of moderate
height and only having a few branches and leaves. The district certainly

>had more majestic tree's for young people to climb and explore, providing
breathtaking views of the city and it's inhabitants. But Madoka didn't

>climb this tree because it was special or because it offered a postcard
view. She climbed the tree because it looked into the backyard of a house,

>a plain looking old house. A yard that, because of the fence which surrounded
it, was only visible from the tree.

>
Madoka took a deep breath as she finished her climb, sitting down so she

>could see all of the yard. The yard itself contained a small garden and a
selection of trees cut in the traditional Bonsai art. In the corner was a
>small bench overlooking a patch of lily flowers and a koi pond. A big smile
came over Madoka's face as she saw the bench was occupied by an old man with
>a saxophone, a saxophone which he slowly placed to his lips and started to
play.
>
The notes rose towards Madoka's makeshift concert seat, the rhythm causing
>her foot to tap. It was a mixture of big band music with a hint of blues
thrown in though she really didn't care what the music was made of. For
>it reminded her of him, the person who had come to save her a month ago.
The person that had stood up for her and had even given her a gift. She
>wanted to do more to repay him for that gift, but she could only give him
one thing. Something that was from her heart.

>
"Ahem!"
>
"Eh!?" Madoka exclaimed as she was shaken from her train of thought.
>
"Can I help you Young Lady?"
>
"Well....Not really."
>
"Oh...Then you've been hanging from my tree the last few Sunday's for no
>reason then, eh?" the man asked in a chuckle as he lit a cigarette.

>"Um...Ah," Madoka stuttered before composing herself and quickly replying
with "I'm not hanging for your information Ji-san. I'm sitting."
>
The man puffed on his cigarette before he replied in a slight giggle,
>"Well that you are Young Lady, but you still have explained why you're
sitting there."
>
"Well Ji-san, I happen to..I happen to..likeyourmusic," Madoka mumbled
>at once in a soft voice.

>"Nani? Could you repeat that again please."

>"I said I liked your music, and I climbed your tree to see who was playing
it."
>
A look of wonder crossed the old man's face as he took another puff of
>smoke. "Really, you like my music? And here I thought I wasn't that
good."
>
"No, your music is really great," Madoka beamed as her face broke out into
>a friendly smile, "It has a nice beat and a strength to it. A strength
that reminds me of someone..." Madoka trailed off as she finished the
>sentence.

>"Oh, so you think it has a strength to it?"

>"Hai Ji-san!!! The rhythm has a lot of hidden strength to it"

>"Well I don't know about rhythm and stuff like that. I just play the
music," the man sighed as he extinguished the cigarette on the ground. A
>slight frown appeared on his face before he started to speak again,
>"I
play the music to remind me of someone too. And I guess she did have a

>strength about her," the man chuckled as his frown gave way to
a
reminiscing smile. "I'm amazed that you were able to feel that
from the
>music Young lady."

>A blush crossed over Madoka's face before she started to reply in
a
humble voice "Well it's just a feeling I got, I get a lot of
feelings from
>music that I listen too."

>"Oh really, it sounds like you have a gift,. Have you ever tried to
play
an instrument before Young lady."
>
The smile on Madoka's face quickly turned to a clearly visible
frown. "Not
>really. My parents wanted me to take some violin lessons once, but I
don't
like the violin."
>
"Well you seem to like the saxophone."
>
"I just like the music it plays, it's music is better than a
violin. It's
>more comforting..."

>A hearty laugh came from the old man as he lit another cigarette
and
placed it into his mouth. "If you say so, Young lady, if you
say so." The
>smile stayed on his face as a wisp of smoke reached his eyes.
"Well
then, would you like to try the Saxophone out Young Lady?"

>
"Really?"
>
"Really."
>
"Wai! Arigato Ji-san!" Madoka exclaimed as she leapt from her
seat in the
>tree towards the ground in the yard. Doing a small flip while
falling, she
landed on both of her feet and ran over to the bench
to pick up the
>saxophone from the old man. Placing a firm and natural looking grip
over
it, she slowly placed her lips over the mouth piece and
started to play
>the song which had caused her to seek out her front row seat in the
tree.

>"BLEEEEE!!!!:" the saxophone screamed as Madoka started to play it,
causing
the local alley cat's to screech in accompaniment.
Madoka's eyes suddenly
>filled with tears as she started to hand the saxophone back.
"Ji-san, I
broke it!!"
>
A look of whimsy crossed the old man's face as he placed the
saxophone
>back on his lap. "Nonsense, you just need to practice. If you work
hard
enough I'm sure you'd be able to make great music."

>
"Really?"
>
"Really."
>
"Then can you teach me Ji-san?"
>
"No," the old man responded, "I'm not good enough to teach you.
You need a
>professional."

>"But, But!!"

>"No But's young lady," the man lectured as he started to lead
Madoka
towards the gate. "Your talent is too good to be lead
astray by a layman
>like me."

>"Ji-san!!" Madoka exclaimed as the gate slowly started to close
behind
her, "You're a great player. It would be honor to learn under
you!!!"

>
"Thanks for your praise, but I'm not worthy of it." the man smiled as he
>closed the gate behind Madoka. Peering over the gate to look at her, he
slowly began to finish his reply, "You need to have a real teacher if you
>want to play special music for someone special. And you do want to play
special music for him don't you?"
>
"Hai.."
>
"Then it's best if you learn from a sensei than someone like me. Well it
>was a pleasure to meet you. Ja ne!!" The face disappeared from the top of
the gate, the wisps of smoke flying to the sky. As she turned away Madoka
>heard a faint whisper come from the man, "She has the same talent you did
Yume-san. And I think she'll make as good music as you once did." The
>music slowly started to play again, this time a different song. A slightly
sadder song but still full of strength, a song which she would someday
>know as 'Melody no Kenji-san'
>"Ji-san," Madoka cried before she started to slowly walk away. She took
one more look at the tree, a tree that she had climbed perhaps for the
>last time in her life. It was an ending, but as the man's saxophone music
filled her ears she felt it was also a beginning. A new path was open to
>her, and she would soon be able to make special music for all of the
special people in her life, including....
>

>
Ayukawa groaned as the sunlight slowly filled her eyes. Slowly she rose
>from the bed to see that it was empty except for her. A loud yawn came
from her as she started to stretch, and think about the dream she had last
>night. A dream which she had seen 3 times over the last month, a dream
about one of the more important times in her life. When she first became
>interested in the saxophone, and more importantly in making her own music.
>"Madoka, can you get me a towel please?"
>"Hai!! Hang on a second," Ayukawa responded as she picked up a bath towel.
Slowly she walked over to the bath room, a soft smile appearing on her face.
>Her music had found the audience that inspired it, and she had found the
person she was looking for. A person she always knew would be waiting for
>her, no matter what happened.
>"Arigato Madoka," Kasuga replied as he took the towel from Ayukawa's
hands. He started to head back into the bathroom when he saw the smile on
>Ayukawa's face. "And why are you so happy this morning Madoka." Kasuga
teased as he wrapped the towel around himself.
>
"I'm happy, I'm happy that I found the special person I wanted to make Music
>for," Ayukawa replied as she reached over to place a kiss on Kasuga's
cheek. "Arigato Kyouusuke, Arigato."
>
*Fin
>
Japanese Terms used in this fic(Some may be obvious to you, but might not
>be to others...:

>Ji-san=Old Man
Hai=Yes
>Arigato=Thank You
Ja ne=Good Bye
>Wai= An expression for excitement. Think of a much cuter version
of
cool...:)
>

>Anyway, comments are always welcome!!

> <p><p>

End
file.